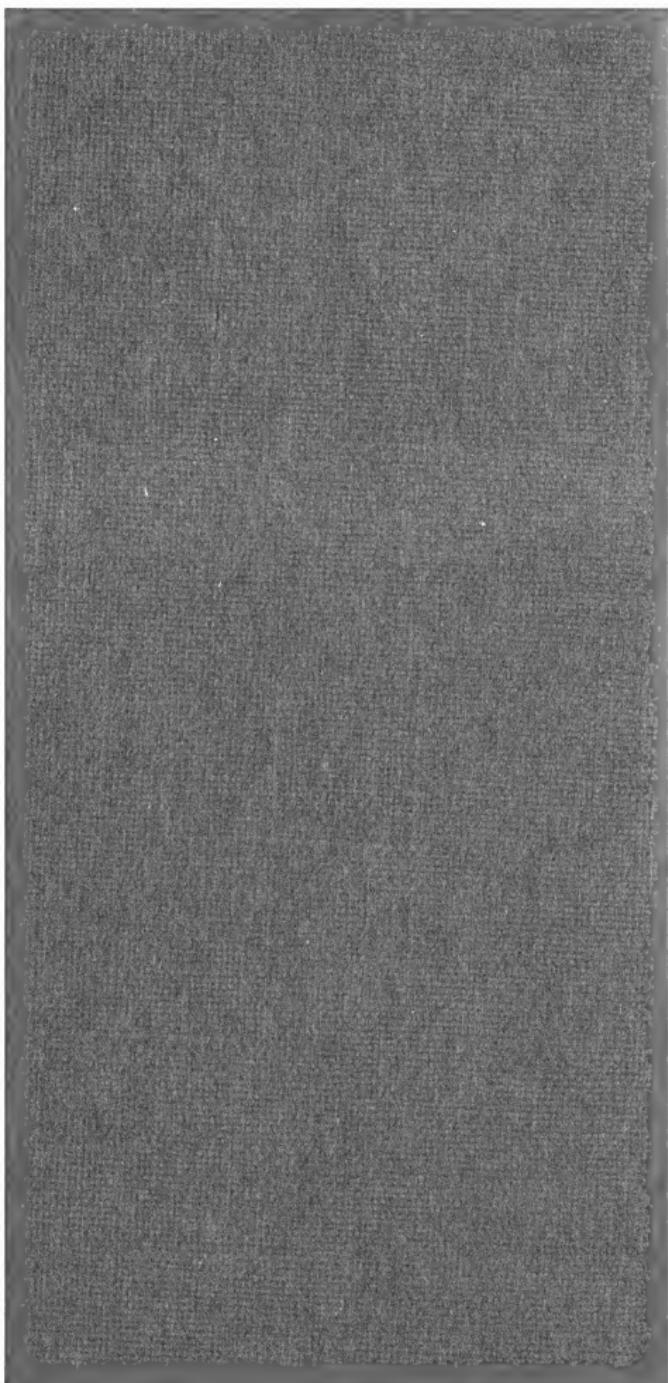


Song Book

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100
161

1

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home and Native
Land!
True patriot-love in all thy sons
command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus:

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for
thee!

O Canada! Where pines and maples
grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly
rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western Sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou true North strong and free.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle
maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the
years
From East to Western sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
Our True North, strong and free!

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose, arose, from out the
 azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of
 the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain.

Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the
 waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Must in their turn, must in their
 turn to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flour-
 ish great and free
 The dread and envy of them all.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast, thy happy
 coast repair,
 Blest Isle, with beauty, with matchless
 beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

3

LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons ,enfants de la patrie, le jour
 de gloire est arrive;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie, l'etendard
 sanglant est leve,
 L'etendard sanglant est leve;
 Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
 mugir les feroce soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
 egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.
 Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos
 bataillons! Marchons! Marchons!
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons.

4

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he hath girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song l" said the warrior bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy right shall
 guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's
 chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he had tore its chords asunder,
 And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
 Thy songs were made for the pure
 and free,
 They shall never sound in slav'ry."

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

Scats, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led!
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
 Chains and slaverie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me.

By oppression's woes an' pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
 Let us do or die!

MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
 Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
 Wave on wave that surging follow
 Battle's distant sound?
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen
 Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen;

Be they knight, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis our country needs us!
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honour's self now proudly heads us!
Cambria, God, and Right!

7

'WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIBBER

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning
ebber:
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for the de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry where I roam,
O darkneys, how my heart grows
weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Den many days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder;
Dere let me lib and die.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 No more I'se gwine to wander,
 My heart's turn'd back to Dixie,
 I can't stay here no longer.
 I miss de ole plantation,
 My home and my relation,
 My heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And I must go.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow;
 For I hear the children calling,
 I see their sad tears falling,
 My heart's turn'd back to Dixie,
 And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
 I've worked upon the river,
 I used to think if I got off,
 I'd go back there no never,
 But time has changed the old man,
 His head is bending low,
 His heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And he must go.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie,—
 My step is slow and feeble,
 I pray the Lord to help me,
 And lead me from all evil,
 And should my strength forsake me,
 Then, kind friends come and take me;
 My heart' turned back to Dixie,
 And I must go.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Round de meadows am aringing,
 De darkey's mournful song,
 While de mocking-bird am singing,
 Happy as de day am long.
 Where de ivy am a creeping,
 O'er de grassy mound,
 Dare ole massa am asleeping,
 Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus :

Down in de cornfield,
 Hear dat mournful sound;
 All de darkeys am aweeping,
 Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
 When de days were cold,
 'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
 'Cause he was so weak and old.
 Now de orange tree am blooming,
 On de sandy shore,
 Now de summer days are coming,
 Massa nebber calls no more.

STYLE SONG

They say that old —, he ain't got no
 style.
 He's style all the while, style all the
 while.
 They say that old —, he ain't got no
 style,
 But he's style all the while, all the
 while.

HAIL MANITOBA

(Tune: Melody in F)

Hail Manitoba,
Fairest and free.
Queen of the West,
Thy children are we.
Loud ring they praises;
Our guardian be;
Our Alma Mater, thee.

Pride of the Prairies,
Loyal we stand.
Voices united
Ring o'er the land.
Faith, love and loyalty,
These are thy due;
To thee we'll e'er be true.

Cheer for our colors,
The gold and brown.
Emblems of power
And fairest renown.
With thee as leader
Ne'er shall we fail;
Hail! Manitoba, Hail!

MANITOBA WILL SHINE

— will shine tonight, — will shine
(three times).
When the sun goes down, and the
moon comes up.
— will shine.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Here's to old 'Varsity, pledge her in
rhyme,

Vive la compagnie.

For we're all out tonight for a jolly
good time,

Vive la compagnie.

Chorus:

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour,
Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour,

Vive l'amour.

Vive l'amour.

Vive la compagnie.

Here's to the governors, all in a row,
Vive la compagnie.

But what they are good for, I really
don't know,

Vive la compagnie.

The professors come next, and they're
not a bad lot;

There are some that are good, and
there's some that are not.

Here's to the Freshman of brazen
fifteen,

With his seraphic phiz and his inno-
cent green.

Here's to ourselves, we're the best of
the crowd,

We're too modest to mention our
praises out loud.

Here's to exams—let's forget them a
while—

We've warbled our ditty, we close
with a smile.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
 And there my dear love sits him down,
 sits him down
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter
 free,
 And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends
 must part, must part.
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu,
 adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay
 with you.
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow
 tree,
 And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel
 dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark,
 used to spark,
 And now my love, once true to me,
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

Riding down from Bangor,
 On an eastern train,
 After weeks of hunting,
 In the woods of Maine,

Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, mustache as well,
Sat a student fellow,
Tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side,
Into quiet village,
Eastern train did glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hindmost seat,
Enter village maiden,
Beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she faltered,
"Is this seat engaged?"
Sees the aged couple,
Properly enraged,
Student's quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket through,
Thinks of the long tunnel,
Thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted,
How the cinders fly!
Till the student fellow,
Gets one in the eye.
Maiden, sympathetic,
Turns 'herself about,
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Then the student fellow,
Feels a gentle touch,
Hears a gentle murmur,
"Does it hurt you much?"
Whiz! slap! bang!
Into the tunnel quite,
Into glorious darkness,
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Glides that eastern train,
Student's hair is ruffled,
Just the merest grain,
Maiden seems all blushes,
When then and there appeared
A tiny little ear-ring,
In that horrid student's beard.

16

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eye's splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell!
Nita! Juanita!
Ask my soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

17

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette
je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai
la tete, et la tete,

Chorus:

O Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette
je te plumerai.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette
je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai
le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la
tete.

(As above, one line is added to each
succeeding verse.)

Three:
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai
le nez.

Four:
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai
le dos.

Five:
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plu-
merai les pattes.

Six:
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai
le cou.

15

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating
for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his
daughter Clementine.

Chorus:
Oh, my darling, oh my darling, oh
my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone for ever,
dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy and
her shoes were number nine,
Herring-boxes without topses sandals
were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell
into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing
bubbles soft and fine;
Alas, for me I was no swimmer, so I
lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyan,
where the myrtle doth enthwine;
There grow roses and other posies,
fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon
began to peak and pine;
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her, now
she's dead I'll draw the line.

19

A-ROVING

At number three Old England Square,
Mark well what I do say;
At number three Old England Square,
My Nancy Dawson she lived there; .
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!

A-roving! A-roving!
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!

My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden
hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid.

I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid.

20

THE TARPAULIN JACKET

A tall stalwart Lancer lay dying,
And as on his deathbed he lay,
To his friends who around him were
sighing;
These last dying words did he say:

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies
low,
And six stalwart Lancers shall carry
me, carry me,
With step solemn, mournful and slow.

Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.

Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch
there,
"Here a poor buffer lies low."

And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.

And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.

21

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street,
That's where you'll buy your coats
and vests,
And everything that's neat;
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And everything that's fine;
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

O Solomon Levi! Levi! tra-la-la-la!
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la-la-la-la-la
la-la-la.

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street;
That's where you'll buy your coats
and vests,

And ev'rything else that's neat;
Second-hand Ulsterettes,
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

And if a bummer comes along,
At my store on Chatham Street,
And tries to hang me up for coats;
and vests so very neat;
I kicks the bummer right out of my
store,
On him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothing to any man
Who tries to set me up.

22

THE SPANISH GUITAR

When I was a student at Cadiz,
I played on the Spanish guitar, ching,
ching!
I used to make love to the ladies,
I think of them still from afar, ching,
ching!
Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching!
Ring out ye bells,
Oh ring out ye bells, oh ring out ye
ye bells!
Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching ching!
Ring out ye bells,
As I play on my Spanish guitar, ching,
ching!

I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can
mar, ching, ching!
And where many a beautiful maid is—

Oh I strumm'd and I twang'd my
guitar, ching, ching!

Oh I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching,
ching!

Though no more I could serenadize,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar,
ching, ching!

When at last the train bore me from
Cadiz

The ladies all wept round the car,
ching, ching!

Oh it grieved me to part from those
ladies,

But I carried away my guitar, ching,
ching!

I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on my Spanish guitar,
ching, ching!

And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching,
ching!

23

ROMEO AND JULIET

Come, now and listen to my tale of
woe,

Of Romeo and Juliet,
Cribbed out of Shakspeare and reek-
ing with woe!

Oh, Romeo and Juliet!
Ne're was a story so mournful at
that one,

If you have tears, now prepare to
get at one:
Romeo's the slim one and Juliet's the
stout one,
Oh, Romeo and Juliet!

I am the hero of this little tale,
I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo,
I am that highly susceptible male,
I'm Romeo!.....Romeo!
Ne'er did a lover e'er do as I did.....
When his girl into eternity滑了;
I took cold poison and I suicided,
I'm Romeo! Romeo!

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet.
I am the lady who "mashed" Romeo,
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet;
Locked in the prison, no pickaxe to
force it,
Gloomy old hole, without room to
stand or sit,
I up and stabbed myself right through
the corset:
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet.

This of our taile is the short and the
long,
Of Romeo and Juliet;
This is the moral of our little song,
Of Romeo and Juliet:
Lovers, we warn you, always be wary,
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary,
Don't stab youself in the left pulmon-
ary,
Like Romeo and Juliet.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

Here we are, here we are, here we are again.
 Here we are, here we are, here we are again.
 Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, oh!
 Here we are, here we are, here we are again.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip was
 the Walloping Window Blind.
 No wind that blew dismayed her crew
 or troubled the Captain's mind.
 The man at the wheel was made to
 feel contempt for the wildest
 blow-ow-ow.
 Though it often appeared when the
 gale had cleared,
 That he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus:

Then blow ye winds heigh-ho, a-
 roving I will go,
 I'll stay no more on England's shore
 so let the music play-ay-ay,
 I'm off for the morning train; I'll cross
 the raging main,
 I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
 ten thousand miles away.

The bo'sun's mate was very sedate,
 yet fond of amusement too;
 He played hop-scotch with the lar-
 board watch, while the Captain he
 tickled the crew.

And the gunner we had was apparently mad, for he sat on the after
ra-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with Captain's boots
in the teeth of the booming gale.

The Captain sat on the commodore's
hat and dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
and gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch and behaved
as such; for the diet he gave the
crew-ew-ew,
Was a number of tons of hot cross
buns served up with sugar and
glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside, and
we ran the vessel ashore,
On the Gulliby Isles where the Poo-
poo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy
ledge and shot at the whistling
bee-ee-ee.
And the cinnamon bats wore water-
proof hats as they dipped in the
shiney sea.

On Rugbug bark from morn till dark
we dined till we all had grown,
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese
junk came up from the Torriby
Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we
didn't much care, so we cheerily
put to sea-ee-ee.
And we left all the crew of the junk
to chew on the bark of the Rug-
bug tree.

MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT

Mary had a William goat, William goat, William goat.

Mary had a William goat; its stomach was lined with—

Chorus:

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;

Whoop de doodle, doodle do; its stomach was lined with zinc.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day;

It followed her to school one day, and swallowed a bottle of—

Chorus:

Whoop de, etc.,

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, and swallowed a bottle of ink.

He dined on nails and carpet tacks; And relished old hoop—skirts.

One day he ate an oyster can, And a clothes line full of shirts.

The shirts can do no harm inside, But the oyster—can.

The can was filled with dynamite, Which Billy thought was—cheese.

The cheese could do no harm inside, But the dyna—mite.

A sudden flash of girl and goat,
And Billy no more was—seen.

(Slowly and sadly)

Mary's soul to heaven went, to heaven
went,
Mary's soul to heaven went, but
Bill's went to—(fast).

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, doodle
do, doodle do;
Whoop de doodle, doodle do, and
Billy's went to heaven too.

27

DOUGHNUT

Oh, I went into a restaurant for some-
thing to eat,
For I was so hungry from my head
to my feet,
Oh, I ordered up a doughnut and I
scraped off the grease,
And I threw down the waiter a five-
cent piece.
He looked at the nickel and he looked
at me:
There's a hole in the nickel and can't
you see,
There's a hole in the nickel and it goes
right through."
Says I "There's a hole in the dough-
nut too."

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN
YOUR OLD KIT BAG AND SMILE,
SMILE, SMILE.**

Private Perks is a funny little codger,
With a smile, a funny smile.
Five feet none, he's an artful little
dodger,
With a smile, a funny smile.
Flush or broke he'll have his little
joke,
He can't be suppress'd.
All the other fellows have to grin,
When he gets this off his chest,
(Shout) Hi!

Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your
fag.
Smile, boys, that's the style,
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Private Perks went a-marching into
Flanders,
With a smile, a funny smile.
He was lov'd by the privates and
commanders,
For his smile, his funny smile,
When a throng of Bosches came
along,
With a mighty swing,

Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is
mine!
Keep your heads down and sing,"
(Shout) Hi!

29

A STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time,
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

Chorus:

For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together;
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a heart without a care.

And it's birds of feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And—life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.

And—life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.

30

HEIGHO, HEIGHO

As I was walking down the street,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
Heigho, heigho, heigho,

Rig a jig jig and away we go,
Away we go, away we go,
Rig a jig jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.
Rig a jig jig and away we go
Heigho, heigho, heigho.
Said I to her, "What is your trade?"

Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,"
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY

(To be sung with much feeling.)
 I've lost my doggy, who's seen my
 bow-wow?
 Poor little doggy. Bow-wow-wow-
 wow.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun
 and frolic, and so do I,
 And so do I.
 Some think it well to be all melan-
 cholic,
 To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh.
 But I, I love to spend my time in
 singing
 Some joyous song, some joyous song.
 To set the air with music bravely
 ringing,
 Is far from wrong, is far from wrong.

Chorus:

Listen, listen, echoes sound afar,
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar.
 Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula.
 Echoes sound afar, funiculi, funicula.

Ah me, 'tis strange that some should
 take to sighing,
 And like it well, and like it well.
 For me I have not thought it worth
 the trying,
 So cannot tell, so cannot tell.

With laugh, with dance and song the
day soon passes,
Full soon is gone, full soon is gone.
For mirth was made for joyous lads
and lasses,
To call their own, to call their own.

Chorus:

Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar,
Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar,
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funcula.
Hark the soft guitar? Funiculi,
funicula.

33

HE'S A DAISY

He's a daisy, he's a daisy,
He's a daisy just now.
Just now he's a daisy,
He's a daisy just now.

See him smiling, see him smiling,
See him smiling just now.
Just now see him smiling,
See him smiling just now.

34

"FINNIGAN"

I have a friend named Michael
Finnigan,
He grew whiskers on his chin-i-gan.
The wind came out and blew them in
again.
Poor old Michael Finnigan.—Begin
again.
(Repeat—faster each time)

FORTY YEARS ON

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play—
 Then it may be there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song:
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
 Follow up! Follow up!
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men
 Follow up! Follow up!

Routes and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice—
 How will it seem to you, forty years on?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,

Never the battle raged hottest, but in
it,
Neither the last nor the faintest,
were we!
Follow up! etc.

O the great days, in the distance en-
chanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the
sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and
panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them one with
another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with with the heart of
a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! etc.

Forty years on, growing older and
older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of
shoulder,
What will it help you that once you
were strong?
God gives us bases to guard or be-
leaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or
fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for
the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years
on!
Follow up! etc.

THE SMOKE GOES UP THE CHIMNEY

Oh, we pull the damper out,
 And we push the damper in,
 And the smoke goes up the chimney
 just the same, just the same,
 just the same.
 And the smoke goes up the chimney
 just the same.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
 The corntop's ripe and the meadow's
 in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my Old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh weep no more today;
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

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